

The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN
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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 15-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Boudue, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Friable, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stinson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Friable. Journey of Friable's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Friable, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Friable's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"It's the spies," whispered Chip to Ray. "They allus act that way when it's stormin'."

The next day the gale began to lessen, and by night the moon, now half-full, peeped out of the scurrying clouds. At bedtime it was smiling serenely, well down toward the tree-tops, and Chip's spies had ceased their walling.

Fortunately, however, Martin's quest for game had been successful. A saddle of venison, a dozen or more partridges and two goodly strings of trout hung in cold storage.

But utter and almost speechless astonishment awaited Old Cy at the ice-house when he visited it the next morning, for the venison was gone, not a bird remained, and one of the two strings of trout had vanished.

In front, on the sand, was the same tell-tale moccasin tracks.

"Wall, by the Great Horn Spoon! If that cuss hain't swiped the hull business," Old Cy ejaculated, as he looked in and then at the tracks. "Crossed over last night," he added, noting where a canoe had cut its furrow. "An' steered plumb for my icehouse! The varmint!"

But Martin was angry, thoroughly angry, at the audacious insolence of the theft, and the thought that just now this sneaking half-breed was doubtless enjoying grilled venison and roast partridge in some secure shelter. It also opened his eyes to the fact that this chap would hang about, watching his chance, until they started out of the wilderness, and then capture the girl if he could. For a little while Martin pondered over the situation and then announced his plans.

"There's law, and officers to execute it," he said, "if a sufficient reward be offered; and to-morrow you and I, Levi, will start for the settlement and fetch a couple in. I'll give \$500 to land this sneak behind the bars. If he can't be caught, we can at least have two officers to guard us going out."

All that day he and Levi spent in hunting. Another deer was captured, more birds secured, and when evening came plans to meet the situation were discussed.

"You or Ray must remain on guard daytimes near the cabin," Martin said to Old Cy. "My wife and Chip had better keep in it, or near it most of the time; and both of you must sleep there nights. One or the other can fish or hunt, as needed. We must be gone a week or more, even if we have good luck; but fetching the officers here is the best plan now."

Levi was up early the next morning, and had the best canoe packed for a hurry trip ere breakfast was ready. No tent was to be taken, only blankets, a rifle, a bag of the simplest cooking utensils, pork, bread and coffee. A modest outfit—barely enough to sustain life, yet all a woodsman carries when a long canoe journey with many carries must be taken.

There were sober faces at the landing when Martin was ready to start—Chip most sober of all—for now she realized as never before how serious a burden she had become.

No time was wasted in good-bys. Martin grasped the bow paddle, and with "Old Faithful" Levi wielding the stern oar, they soon crossed the lake and vanished at its outlet.

And now, also, for the first time, Angie realized how much the presence of these two strong and resourceful men meant to her. All that day she and Chip clung to the cabin, while Old Cy, a long, lanky Leatherstocking, patrolled the premises, rifle in hand.

"We hain't a mite o' cause to worry," he said when nightfall drew near. "The pesky varmint's a coward, 'n' knows guns are plenty here, an' we folks handy in usin' 'em. I've rigged a fish line to the ice house door so it'll rattle some twine in the cabin if he meddles it again. I sleep with one eye 'n' both ears open, an' if he comes prowlin' round night-times, he'll hear bullets whizzin' an' think Fourth o' July's opened up arly."

But for all his cheerful assurance, time passed slowly, and a sense of real danger oppressed Angie and Chip as well. Ray shared it also. He was not as yet hardened to the wilderness, and like all who are thus tender, its vast somber solitude seemed ominous.

Only the hermit, with his moonlike eyes and impassive ways, showed no sign of trouble. What this half-breed wanted, other than food, he seemed not to understand; and while he helped about the camp work and followed Old Cy like a dog, he was of no other aid.

One, two, three days of watchful guard and evenings when even Old Cy's cheerful philosophy or Ray's banjo failed to dispel the gloom, and then, just as the sun was setting once again, a canoe with one occupant was

seen to enter the lake and head for the landing.

CHAPTER VII.

An unexpected canoe entering a lake so secluded and so seldom visited as this lake must needs awaken the keenest surprise, and especially in the case of a party situated as this one was. Ray, who had just returned from a berry-picking trip over at the "blow down," and Old Cy, carrying his suggestive rifle, were at the landing some time before this canoe reached it, while Angie and Chip waited almost breathlessly on the cabin piazza. A stout, bare-headed Indian, clad in white man's raiment, was paddling. He glanced at the two awaiting him at the landing, with big, black, emotionless eyes, and then up to the cabin.

As his canoe now grated on the sandy beach close by, he laid aside his paddle, stepped forward and out, drew his craft up, and folding his arms glanced at Old Cy again, as if waiting for a welcome. None was needed, however, for on the instant, almost, came an exclamation of joy from Chip, and with a "Hullo, Poppy Tomah," she was down the bank, with both her hands in his.

A faint smile of welcome spread over his austere face as he looked down at the girl, but not a word, as yet, came.

Old Cy, quick to see that he was a friend, now advanced.

"We're glad to see ye," he said, "an' as ye seem to be a friend o' the gal's, we'll make ye welcome."

The Indian bowed low, and a "How do," like a grunt, was his answer. A

calm, slow, motionless type of a now almost extinct race, as he seemed to be, he would utter no word or move a step farther until invited. But now, led by Chip, he advanced up the path.

"It's Tomah, old Poppy Tomah," she said with pride, as Angie rose to meet them, "and he's the only body who was ever good to me."

"I am glad to see you, sir," Angie said, with a gracious bow and smile, "and you are welcome here."

"I thank the white lady—I not forget," came the Indian's dignified answer with a stately bow.

Not a word of greeting for Chip or of surprise at finding her here—only the eagle glance, accustomed to bright sunlight or to following the flight of a bird far out of white man's vision.

"We shall have supper soon," Angie added, uncertain what to say to this impassive man, "and some for you."

It was a deft speech, for Angie, accustomed to take in every detail of a man from the condition of his nails to the cut of his clothing, as all women will, had ere now absorbed the appearance of this swarthy redskin, and was not quite sure whether to invite him to share their table or say nothing.

But the Indian solved his own problem, for spying the outdoor fire to which Old Cy now retreated, he bowed again and strode away toward it.

"Me cook here!" he said to Old Cy. With an "Of course, an' you're welcome to," the question was settled.

Chip soon drew near, and now for the first time the Indian's speech seemed to return, and while Old Cy bustled himself about the cooking, these two began to visit.

Chip, as might be expected, did most of the talking, asked questions as to Tim's place, when he was there, and what they said about her running

away, in rapid succession. Her own adventures and how she came here soon followed, and it was not long before he knew all that was to be known about her.

His replies were blunt and brief, after the manner of such. Now and then an expressive nod or grunt filled in the place of an ordinary answer. He knew but little about the recent happenings at Tim's place, as he had stayed there only one night since Chip had departed with her father—he was told. He had been away in the woods, looking for places to set traps later, and had no idea Chip was here.

As to Pete's movements, he was equally in the dark, and when Chip told him what her friends here suspected, he merely grunted. As he seemed to wish to do his own cooking, Old Cy, having completed his task, offered him a partridge and a couple of trout fresh from the icehouse, also pork and potatoes, and left him to care for himself.

He became more sociable later, and when supper was over and the rest had, as usual, gathered on the piazza of the new cabin, he joined them.

And now came a recital from Ray of far more interest to these people than they suspected.

"I saw a bear over back of the ridge this afternoon," he said, "or I don't know but it was a wildcat. I'd just filled my pail with berries, when way up, close to the rocks, I saw something moving. I crouched down back of a bush, thinking it might be a bear, and if it was, I'd get a chance to see it nearer. I could only see the top of its back above the bushes, and once I saw its head, as if it was standing up. Then I didn't see it for quite a spell, and then I caught sight of its back again, a good deal nearer, and then it went into one of the gullies in the hog-back. I didn't wait to see if it came out, but cut for home."

"Did this critter sorter wobble like a woodchuck runnin'?" put in Old Cy.

"No, it just crept along evenly," answered Ray. "I'd see it when it would come out between the bushes."

"Twa'n't a bar," muttered Old Cy, and then, as if the unwisdom of waking suspicion in Angie's mind occurred, he added hastily, "but mebbe

he or see him in time to give one scream. The old man who had said foolish things to him, and now seemed to be on guard, would surely send bullets after him as he sped away; but once out of the lake, he would be safe. It was a dangerous act; yet the other two men might return any day, and with this in prospect, this wily half-breed now resolved to act.

Old Cy was up early that fatal morning. Somehow a sense of impending danger haunted him, and calling Ray, he unlocked the cabin door and began starting the morning fire. He wanted to get breakfast out of the way as speedily as possible, and then visit this ridge, feeling almost sure that he would find where this half-breed had been watching them.

When Ray came out, and before the hermit or Chip appeared, Old Cy hurried over to the ice-house, and now Chip came forth as usual, and without a word to anyone, she took the two pails and started for the landing. It was, perhaps, ten rods to this, down a narrow path winding through the scrub spruce. The morning was fair, the lake without a ripple.

Above the ridge, and peeping through its toppling stunted fir, came the first glance of the sun, and Chip was happy.

Old Tomah, her one and only friend for many years, was here. "A something Ray had whispered the night before, now returned like a sweet note of music vibrating in her heart, and as if to add their cheer, the birds were piping all about.

For weeks the cheerful words of one of Ray's songs had haunted her with its catchy rhythm:—

Dar was an old nigger and his name was Uncle Ned.
He died long 'go, long 'go."

They now rose to her lips as she neared the lake. Here she halted, filled a pail, and set it on the log landing.

From behind a low spruce one evil, sinister eye watched her.

'Twas a doe, walkin' head down 'n' feedin'."

No further notice was taken of Ray's adventure. The sight of deer everywhere about was a ten-times daily occurrence, and Old Cy's dismissal of the matter ended it.

His thoughts, however, were a different matter. Full well he knew it was no bear this moving. A deer would never enter a crevasse, nor a wildcat or lynx ever leave the shelter of woods to wander in open sun-light.

"I'll go over there in the mornin'," he said to himself; "I may get a chance to win that varmint 'n' end our worryin'."

CHAPTER VIII.

Old Cy's suspicions were correct. It was neither bear, deer, nor wildcat that Ray saw skulking along the ridge, but the half-breed.

Believing Chip's father had taken

him out of the wilderness, or more likely up-stream to find a place with these campers, he had come here to seek her. To find her here, as he of course did, only convinced him that his suspicions were true and that her father had thus meant to rob him.

Two determined impulses now followed this discovery: First, to make the girl he had bought a prisoner, carry her into the woods, and then, when the chance came, revenge himself on McGuire. No sense of law, or decency even, entered his calculation. He was beyond such scruples, and what he wanted was his only law.

The fear of rifles, which he knew were plenty enough at this camp, was the only factor to be considered. For days he watched the camp from across the lake, hoping that the girl he saw canoeing with a boy so often might come near enough for him to make a capture. Many times, when darkness served, he paddled close to where the cabin stood, and once landed and watched it for hours.

Growing bolder, as the days wore on, he hid his canoe below the outlet of the lake and taking advantage of this outcropping ledge with its many fissures, secreted himself and watched.

But some shelter, at least to cook and eat in, he must have, and this he found in a distant crevasse of this same ledge, and from this he sneaked along back of it until he could hide and watch the camp below. From this vantage-point he saw that the girl no longer went out upon the lake, but remained near the cabin; then, later, he noticed the two men leave the lake one morning. This encouraged him, and now he grew still bolder, even descending the ridge and watching those remaining at the cabin, from a dense thicket.

From this new post he saw that but one man seemed on guard, and almost was he tempted to shoot him from ambush and make a dash to capture his victim. Cautious and cunning, he still waited a chance involving less risk.

And now he saw that certain duties were performed by these people; that one man and the boy always started the morning fire; that the girl invariably went to the landing alone for water, at about the same time. Here for the moment she was out of sight from either cabin, and now in this act of hers, he saw his opportunity to land from his canoe near this spot before daylight, and hide in the bushes fringing the shore here and below the bank, watch his chance and seize and gag her before an outcry could be made. To tie her hands and feet and to push the other canoe out into the lake, thus avoiding pursuit until they could get a good start, was an easy matter.

It was risky, of course. She might hear or see him in time to give one scream. The old man who had said foolish things to him, and now seemed to be on guard, would surely send bullets after him as he sped away; but once out of the lake, he would be safe. It was a dangerous act; yet the other two men might return any day, and with this in prospect, this wily half-breed now resolved to act.

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MUST MATCH DRESS

SHOES AND STOCKINGS FOR EACH COSTUME.

Footwear To-Day an All-Important Detail in Modern Dress—Dainty Embroidered Slippers with the Tea Gown.

Shoes and stockings are all important details in modern dress, and a glimpse into the shoe closet of the fashionable woman is disheartening indeed to the woman of moderate means and a love of dress. These are the halcyon days for the woman with



an average sized foot, for bargain sales in footwear are bargain sales indeed. When it is possible to afford to have shoes made to order it is far more satisfactory to do so, but there is such a wide range of sizes and styles to be found in all the large shoe shops that it is not necessary, nor in fact desirable, to slavishly follow any dictate of fashion aside the pointed or square toe, the wide or narrow sole, the low cut shoe or the fancy slipper to be worn in the street with elaborately embroidered stockings. Again, good breeding is to be noticed. The well bred, well groomed woman will not be conspicuous. If she can afford it she will wear silk stockings—plain ones, with perfect fitting, well cut boots or shoes of well polished or patent leather with her tailor gowns—but she will not go about in public streets with her feet shod as for a ball. The elaborate style of gown worn for the afternoon reception, the tea gown, the theater gown and the ball gown, all demand, in these luxurious days, elaborate footwear, as shown in our illustration. Suede shoes to match the color of the gown and silk stockings to match the shoes are considered smart for the spring and summer.

For winter the patent leather, worn with open work or embroidered silk stockings, is considered correct. For the tea gown are the daintiest of embroidered satin slippers, like mules, with stockings to match, while for the ball gown are crystal or rhinestone, embroidered in crystal or rhinestone, or pearls, with silk stockings to match, or instead of the embroidery will be seen tiny bows of lace or lace edged ribbon. Gold or silver slippers are also fashionable and are certainly effective, while a rather startling note is struck in the bright red satin slippers with tiny rhinestone buckles and worn with silk stockings of exactly the same shade of red.

Grace Through Dancing. No child should begin to dance until 12 years old, but much of the art can be learned before that and through dancing a little girl acquires a grace, a poise and freedom of movement which stands her in good stead during the awkward age as well as for the rest of her life.

Will Coarsen the Hair. While lemon used in the egg shampoo is excellent for the scalp, the use of the pure lemon juice on the hair is apt to coarsen it and make it stiff and unmanageable.

ADVISES GIRLS TO STRETCH. It Cures Pimples, Red Nose and Discontent, Says Discoverer.

"Stretch, girls, and be beautiful," is the latest cry of health agitators. "Again stretch, stretch, stretch and be happy and good. The secret of the joy of daily living is daily and hourly stretching."

Just how far the new stretch system is to go is not known, but according to last reports from the front the limit has not been reached. Stretching is the latest fad advanced by a female stretcher, who expounded her theories to a number of women who were anxious to be beautiful yet happy. This new method is guaranteed by its discoverer to cure dyspepsia, discontent, red nose, blues, humpback, bad temper, run down at the heel, and it will change your mind after you have been rehearsing what to say to hubby when he comes home late. In fact, at all crucial moments of life, remember the slogan: "Stretch!"

Defining Its Status. She (coaxingly)—I saw a hat today, dear, that was a perfect dream. He (brutally)—Then it will have to stay one.—Baltimore American.

FRILL OF RIBBON ON GOWNS.

Touch of Pompadour Used to Break the Monotony.

To break the monotony of black lace evening gowns a frill of pompadour ribbon is being used, just under the lace at the front.

This is a charming idea and one that will make black gowns appropriate as costumes for young women.

One French gown of black chiffon is entirely lined with pompadour silk, with a black background and the roses showing with elusive color through the outer folds of the chiffon, makes the dress beautiful in the extreme.

The same idea may be carried out for a young girl in white, using either thin crepe, China silk or chiffon cloth as in outer covering. A wide belt of ribbon to match the lining makes a most girlish dress.

No more useful garment could be included in a trousseau for debutante or bride than a princess slip of pompadour silk. It is charming when worn under lingerie gowns in summer or under crepe and chiffon in winter.

Pompadour is also beautiful when lining an opera coat or cape. One of the newest evening capes is of pink panne velvet lined with flowered silk and bound all round by a band of velvet embroidered in pink and gold.

WEAR THE SEPARATE JACKET.

Garment Will Be a Feature of the Coming Season.

Quite a feature of the coming season's fashions will be the separate tailor-made cloth jacket, made for wearing with odd skirts and simple frocks in light weight cloth, pongee, etc. For some seasons past it has not been fashionable to wear separate jackets except of silk or lace. The jackets have all been made to match the skirts, and when a coat of different material has been used it has been a top coat quite long, or at least three-quarters, and loose in build, whether made of cloth or silk.

But the new fashions show a very definite place for the tight-fitting separate

tailor-made coat of cloth, such as is shown, a tight-fitting cutaway with very little trimming, and that little of the most severely tailored order.

White cloth is most attractive in these separate tailored skirts. It may be used with stitching or braid of the same material for its only garniture, but the smartest coats have collar and cuffs of black velvet. The only style of coat which is most successful in this severe development is a double-breasted cutaway, not very long, and having only a slightly cutaway effect, not sharply shaped at the bottom only, but curving beautifully from the top of the front to the bottom.

A little braid is used in conjunction with the velvet on the collar of the coat, but on many of the most attractive models the braid is not otherwise employed.

Marabou Feathers. Because marabou droops but does not absolutely wither when exposed to dampness, its value as a hat trimming is greatly appreciated, and in many instances it is being substituted for ostrich tips. Or it is used to eke out the more costly plumes so that an elaborate hat of the picture order may be sufficiently fluffy in appearance.

Sometimes the marabou edging is combined with heavy lace bands as a trimming for the lace-crowned hats, thus giving them a more substantial appearance when supplemented by marabou-edged lace bows of the same color.

Shaping the Eyebrows. Consuelo, duchess of Marlborough, is supposed to have a pair of the most perfect eyebrows in the world, and they are frankly admitted to be not natural, but cultivated. It is not a difficult thing to shape one's own brows, and it would seem as though a habit of this kind should be eagerly acquired by most women. One of the best methods of overcoming bushy eyebrows is to shape them between dampened thumb and forefinger after bathing the face or at any time when it is convenient. In this way wonderful results may be obtained.

Lustrous Irish China. A new and most beautiful egg-shell china has been brought to this country. It is reported as having been made in Ireland, and it is the most lustrous china on the market. It is oyster white, with a few lights showing through it like those in polished mother-of-pearl; in fact, it looks not unlike the inner side of an oyster shell.

Such detailed description, however, fails to do the new product justice. It must be seen to be appreciated.

TEN YEARS OF BACKACHE.

Thousands of Women Suffer in the Same Way.

Mrs. Thomas Dunn, 153 Vine St., Columbus, Ohio, says: "For more than ten years I was in misery with backache. The simplest housework completely exhausted me. I had no strength or ambition and suffered headache and dizzy spells. After these years of pain I was despairing of ever being cured when Doan's Kidney Pills came to my notice and their use brought quick relief and a permanent cure. I am very grateful."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.